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NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1880.
Being a grandfather, with four active grandchildren who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules** Glue to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste. **WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES,**
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

HE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.,
518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.
J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.

We have tested the **Hercules Glue**, and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without clamping or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.
A. F. OLD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880.
My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks, and for this reason, consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps. Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide.
JAMES F. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.
We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules Glue**. Its exactly what we need—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not equal. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules**. It alone does all that is claimed for it. We do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.
SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29, 1880.
Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness.
A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.
Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.
Yours Truly,
E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881.
Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.
THOMAS W. STUCKY,
67 North Seventh Street.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1881.
Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules**, I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial will, no doubt, household goods it did its work most effectively.
Truly Yours,
DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1881.
I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening Glass in Brouzed and Nicoplated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.
THEODORE RITE, 618 Chestnut Street.

Among the many advantages it has over all other preparations, the most important is, that **IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS**—without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crookery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,
Wholesale Agents
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway),
New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who inserts less than \$500 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better than any other I have seen." **THAT IS THE OTHER ADVERTISING DID.**

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are largely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers are the same space and time are \$2,000, 14. The list includes 952 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881.

NUMBER 35.

POETRY.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' is all through—
I've watched the lawyers right and left, and given my verdict true;
I stood so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there agin'!

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since the first day I came down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in And this ere Sunday suit of mine on Sunday rightly sets;
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper salt and gray—
I'll have it off in half a jiff when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things were done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot outdoors,
She's very careful when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores,
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to-day,
And I put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away, we had a little bout;
I took my hat and coat, before the show was out.
For what I said was nought whereat she ought to take offense;
And she was always quick at words and ready to commence,
But then she's first one to give up when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if he can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man;
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'll ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me, like robbers and thieves,
He'll turn my pocket inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should be;
I'll be bound,
That G-d should pick that sweet bouquet and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that handsome face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me on my way.
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets home again;
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, often,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven's just ahead of me—I'm going home to-day.

—Will Carleton, in "Farm Ballads."

STORY TELLER.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

"What is this, Burt?"
"This is the mortgage of an estate called the Derby Place, Mr. Faxon, foreclosed more than a year, I believe."

"Well, it's what I've been looking for. I will take charge of the papers and attend to the matter soon. Down East, isn't it?"
"Yes, sir."

Mr. Faxon put the papers into the breast pocket of his coat came down the office stairs, and stepped into the glittering, purple-lined phaeton, beside his wife.

The delicate Arabian, Mrs. Faxon's horse, sped away out of the city confines, and soon tossed his jetty mane along the open roads, lined with gardens, ornate cottages and villas.

"Going away to-morrow, dear?" asked Mrs. Faxon, suddenly lifting her fair countenance, as she interrupted her husband. "You seem to be away all the time lately. Take me with you."

"Not this time, Violet."

And Violet Faxon's husband fell into a fit of abstraction, from which the smartest chatter failed to arouse him.

They came at last to the Faxon mansion, grand and simple, and fulfilling the promise of a beautiful interior.

Amid the white lace and crimson silk of her chamber, Violet was brushing out her long fair hair, when her husband passed in the doorway, and looked at her sharply. Then he came slowly across the room, and lifting the oval face in his hand, looked closely at the rosy cheek, pearly ear, and curved eyelashes.

"What is it?" asked Violet; "a freckle?"

"No," he answered, smiling faintly and across the chamber. "You looked like my sister, then—that was all."

"Your sister, dear? You never told me about her."

"No," he answered, and said no more.

Mr. Faxon bore no resemblance to his delicate patrician wife. A little less than thirty—dark, strongly built, active, vigorous, he impressed one as a strong character. If, with a re-

markable rich comeliness of countenance, there were some sensual lines, there was also a certain evidence of strong good sense, and a look of deep experience. Mr. Faxon looked like a man who carried weight.

He was up and away at daybreak the next day. An early train bore him eastward, and nine o'clock found him landed at a little station called Seabrook.

The dismal little building was set in a field of clover, around which a road wound away among the mounds of verdure.

After a glance around, Mr. Faxon took this road, and walked slowly along. The robins hopped across it; the bobolinks sang in the trees over it. The unassuming white clover among the grass perfumed the cool morning air.

He passed only a few houses, but he observed them attentively. They were all old and humble farm houses. Apparently this property, which had by the foreclosure of a mortgage fallen to Mr. Faxon, was not situated in a very rich or enterprising neighborhood.

When he had walked nearly a mile he came to a green door-way, among widespread apple-trees, with a well swept walk among them, and a residence, though plain, more pretentious and comfortable than the others.

There was a narrow, and well worn path among the short grass and buttercups to the porch, where a bitter-sweet twined its strong arms. In a corner, under the verdure, was an arm-chair, with a book on the seat, and a cane lying across it—a gnarled, twisted stick of hickory, that Faxon looked twice at. The book he saw was a Bible.

There was an old lady, with a sweet, faded face, and snowy capstring tied under her double chin, knitting at a window near by, but his quiet step had not disturbed her.

He had put his hand to the knocker; he took it down again as he caught sight of this placid face. He stood there quite still for several minutes. A gray cat came and rubbed against his leg. Some apple blossoms, floating down, touched his cheek.

At length the gentle lips moved.

"Father," said the mild old lady, "you had better lie down and take a rest."

"Such old people, and I have come to take their home away," said Mr. Faxon.

There was a strong pain in his dark face now, as he stood looking at the porch floor.

After a moment he stepped off the porch on the further side, and walked away under the apple tree.

When Mr. Faxon came back from his brief stroll, his presence, as he crossed the yard, was observed.

A white-haired old man, who had come to open the door and taken up the hickory stick, turned back lastly with a few hurried words, and the aged woman dropped her knitting and rose up, with a paleness dropping over her face.

But while Mr. Faxon hesitated on the porch again, both came to the door. Sad, startled faces, they both had, but they were civil. Their greeting was kindly, as to a friend.

"My name is Faxon," said the visitor, "I—"

"We know who you be, sir," said the old man; we know who you be, though we have never seen you before. Will you come in?"

Mr. Faxon stepped across the white hall floor into the quaint, cool and comfortable sitting-room.

The rough blue paper, like chintz, on the wall, some "honest" and dried grasses in opaque white vases upon the high, narrow mantle-piece, unconsciously struck his eye while he took his seat, his mind occupied with other thoughts.

"We've been long expectin' you, sir," said the old lady.

Her hands, clasped on her spotless gingham apron upon her lap, trembled a little, but the serenity of her manner was not much changed.

But the old man's eyes swam in tears. He rested both hands on the hickory stick between his knees, as he sat in a corner, and bending his forehead upon them, partially hid his face.

"Yos! yos! but it comes sort o' sudden now," said the old man.

Mr. Faxon sat in speechless sympathy.

After a little pause, old Mr. Derby looked up, and met his eyes.

"Of course, it's all right, sir. We don't question your right to the place; but we've been sort of unfortunate. I think so—don't you, mother?"

violently upon the floor. "She helped to earn this place when she was young. There was no kind of work but what them hands you see lyin' so weary in her lap, sir, was put to. She was up early and late, always a doin' fur me and the children. God never made a better wife and mother. And now, sir, it's hard that she should be turned out of her house in her old age."

"Hush, hush, Daniel!" said the old lady, softly. "The Lord will provide, and it's not long we have to stay in the world, you know."

"Will you tell me the history of the place, Mr. Derby?" asked Mr. Faxon. "How did you come to lose it?"

"It was mortgaged, sir," said the old man, at last, "to pay the boy's college bills. You see we had three children—Selwyn, Roscoe and little Annie. Mother an' I didn't have an education, but we said all long that our children should have; an' they went to the district school and then to the academy—and by and by we fitted them off for college. Bright, smart boys they were—everybody said my boys had good parts, though Roc was always a little wild. I think mother, the, loved him better for that. He was more trouble, and she clung to him closer because others blamed him at times. Annie, his sister, was always a pleadin', too, for Roc. He played truant, and he whipped the boys who told on him; and was always puttin' his bones in peril, and twice half drowned—yet in spite of all he was steady as a clock. Mother and I had been scrapin' together for years, and at last we fitted them off."

"We went on denying of ourselves, for it was just the one hope of our lives to have the boys graduate from all the honors; an' time went on; but many of the crops failed, and there came disappointment here, and failing to get together the money the boys sent for—especially Roc—we mortgaged the farm for five hundred dollars."

"They were nearly through you see, an' mother and Annie thought that Selwyn might be principal of the academy or something, when he came home, an' Roc would be a lawyer, 'cause he could argue and speak so smart in public, and the money would be paid back easy."

"But from that time there came rumors I didn't like, as to how Roscoe was up to his old wild ways again, and at last it came like a thunder-bolt—Roc was suspended and had run away to foreign parts. Well, I pass over that, sir; I tried not to be too hard on the boy. Then Selwyn came home. He had graduated well, but he had a cough. He didn't complain, but he was thin and pale, an' soon mother and I saw that the son we had meant to help on was an invalid upon our hands. The thought struck me dumb. But mother was all energy. We travelled here with him, we travelled there. We saw all the noted doctors East and West. We borrowed more money on the old place, and we never paid any back. I had made one or two payments at first, but they were but a drop in the bucket. At last we brought Selwyn home to die."

"Don't Daniel," said the mother softly.

"He wants to hear the rest. There's only a little more, but it's no better. Annie was like Selwyn—good and patient; delicate like, too. We didn't mind it at first, but her cheeks grew thin, an' to red; a cough she had from childhood grew harder, an' though the best doctors we could get came early and late, it was only a year after Selwyn died before we laid Annie down among the snows. Thank ye, sir, for your pity. Mother an' I have shed most of our tears."

Mr. Faxon put his cambric handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Your other son, Roscoe, Mr. Derby—did he ever come home?"

"Never. It's nigh on to eight years since we have seen Roc. He knew he disappointed us; but that was nothin', was it, mother?"

"I never think of it," said Mrs. Derby, shaking her head. "Perhaps—I don't know—we took the wrong course with Roc. He was restless and active. He was wild, but he was lovin'."

Her voice broke.

"Mr. Derby," said Mr. Faxon, "I find I know something of your story already. Your son, Roscoe Derby, who ran away at nineteen years of age, is probably living; and it may come in my way to obtain some information of him for you."

The old people had risen from their seats, and he went on quickly: "Meanwhile, be at no inconvenience regarding your stay here in your old home. Your right to occupy it is unquestioned in my mind, and let me say you will never during your lifetime be required to go hence. There is the mortgage,"—he placed some papers on the table—"the Derby place is your own."

He rose, putting them gently back

as they pressed toward him, trying to express their gratitude.

"No—no thanks! Believe me, you owe me nothing—nothing."

He took his hat. The old man, voiceless, wrung his hand. Mr. Faxon turned to Mrs. Derby, and taking her soft, wrinkled fingers in his strong palm, bent low and kissed them. Then he turned to the door, but in a moment he had come back.

"Mother—father!" he said. I cannot go for I know you have forgiven me!"

And the next instant the strong man was kneeling with his head on his mother's knee.

"After long years, mother," said he, as she stroke his temples with fond fingers.

"I am but twenty-eight years old, but sorrow for my early faults have brought some gray hairs about my head."

"And you are not Mr. Faxon, after all, Roc?" said the father, with a puzzled smile.

Yes, I am, dear father. Five years ago I had the fortune to gain the good will of one of the wealthiest American shipping merchants then in London. He gave me a good position, and I decided to return home with him, and served faithfully in his employ until just before his death, when, having formed an engagement with his only daughter he gave his consent to our marriage with the provision that I would take his name, and carry on his interests exactly as they had been. To this I consented, for in spite of my settled habits and ideas, I felt an alien alone; but, mother, I have a good wife and the best of sons—a little fellow two years old, named Derby. Does that please?"

"Ah, indeed! What loving old woman is not pleased with her grandchild? Soon the house was graced by the presence of Violet Faxon and the loving boy, whom grandfather could not fathom enough; yet it was sweeter, perhaps, to Roscoe Faxon, to hear his mother's voice whisper:

"I like your wife, and do you know, I think she is very like Annie?"

EULOGY.

Preached Sunday Morning, August 21, 1881, before the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission, at Hooksett, N. H., by the Rev. Job Turner, of Virginia, the Southern N. Deaf-Mute Missionary.

(REVELATIONS XIV : 13.)
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

We are gathered on this occasion to do solemn reverence to the memory of a departed friend. One for whom we entertain a most affectionate regard. One whose labors contributed, in a large degree, to the establishment of systematic religious instruction for deaf-mutes in the Granite State—the fruit of this laudable undertaking is apparent to this day, and well may his worthy survivors take heart and carry forward the good work, laying up for themselves treasures on high.

It may not be amiss for me to say what has caused this meeting to be held in Hooksett, which place gave birth to our departed friend, Thomas N. Head, and the scenery of which spot will know him no more.

Last winter, while I was itinerating in one of the most distant southern States, in the interest of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," of which your interpreter, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, is the General Manager, his honored cousin, Gov. Head, so kindly sent me a Manchester (N. H.) Union, bringing me the sad intelligence of the death of his relative, Thomas N. Head, which news was a hard blow to me in one of my distant wanderings, which gave rise to my determination to offer his heavily bereaved family, through the Governor and Mr. Brown, my willingness to deliver a funeral discourse, out of respect for the deceased. God has my many sincere thanks that my desire is this day realized, and that I am permitted to meet you all, my kind and good friends, in this church.

Our friend descended from well-born ancestry, and was connected with the most respected and honored of his time. His character, so lovely and upright, endeared himself to all classes of every condition of life. He was a friend—all that the name of friend imports. His professions were all sincere. And we all feel the loss we have sustained in his being called to another sphere. We shall continue to miss him, whom we loved as a friend—one who was faithful to friends, and so ardent in support of measures of public good directed to good and beneficial ends.

I would desire to be permitted to say a few words about his education. He was admitted as a pupil in 1825, into the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., which had been in operation

only seven years. The father of your interpreter was the Principal then, and the venerable Thomas Brown, now sitting in your midst, was one of his fellow pupils for about three years, the length of which time enables Mr. Brown to testify to his good character and steady habits.

After leaving school, he was an apprentice in the *Patriot* office, still in operation, at Concord, N. H., the late Gov. Hill being the editor. I am informed that he remained in the office for about three years, after which he went to Boston, Mass., where he was employed as a printer in a printing office, the name of which does not occur to me. He was, however, not permitted to work there long. His father sent for him to come and live with him at his respectable hotel, on the great stage through-fare, between Boston and Concord, many distinguished persons stopping there.

During his stay with his father, he was fortunate enough to be united in marriage with an amiable deaf-mute lady, and they both lived under the paternal roof till his father gave them a nice farm, where they both lived married for about forty-two years, at the end of which time he was most unexpectedly summoned to another world, leaving his wife and two sons behind him, I hope, well provided for.

It may be right to mention the cause of the establishment of this, the *Granite State Mission of Deaf-Mutes*, which we are now all attending, by God's infinite goodness and mercy.

About five years ago, there was a nice little assemblage of ladies and gentlemen at the late Thomas N. Head's house, among whom was Gov. Nathaniel Head, the venerable Thomas Brown and this silent speaker, to witness the birthday presentation of a heavy hunting watch to a deaf-mute gentleman of Concord, N. H., upon which occasion some speeches were made, and the result of which pleased Messrs. Brown and Head so much that they afterwards formed what is called the Granite State Mission. It was at his house that the Mission was first organized, February 21st, 1877, eighteen mutes being present.

We might dwell upon the virtues of him who has gone, but one so well known, one whose character possessed so many points to be emulated, requires no extended eulogy, therefore it behooves us to consider what great things were done for him, and for us, and to extract therefrom consolation at this time, when the pleasure of meeting friends and missing one so familiar and dear to us, casts a cloud of sadness around us, and starting tears moisten the pathway to things unseen.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord" comes in silent and soul-moving words through the corridor of ages, whispering comfort and peace as its softening influences have swept sweetly over ages of the past with the unchallengeable testimony of the saints who leave final evidences of the glorious truths pronounced concerning the entering into the "Glory Land."

We, out of the fullness of our heart, re-echo the testimony of the apostle, and testify that happy, aye, inexpressibly happy, are they who pass away into the Kingdom of the blessed.

Right it may be to divulge something solemn to you. Last summer, while Mr. Head and this speaker were riding from Manchester to his house in the buggy, they made sign-conversations about religion, and especially baptism. Mr. Head said he would be happy to be baptized into the fellowship of Christ, but thought that he had better wait. Sometime afterwards, he told several persons, especially his long tried wife, that he wanted to be baptized. He was often found praying on his knees in secret before his decease. His spirit flew away suddenly, leaving a happy smile on his face.

And it behooves us to consider most gratefully that the Lord does not dispense mercy, nor does he judge according to the prejudices of mortal man. The Lord hath mercy upon whom he will, and in the infinitude of His mercy how great is His loving kindness. We rejoice in the blessed hope that through the mercies vouchsafed by the Blessed Redeemer, we shall again meet those from whom we are called to part—meet again in the blood-washed robes upon the eternal heights of glory.

We would fain peer into the blissful abode where our loved ones are resting "from their labours." But to know the mysteries of the glorious state unseen would but unfit us for the design of this life.

In the eagerness of human nature, we can hardly refrain from a thirst to enquire into the secrets, to solve the mysteries, to draw aside the folded curtain of God's designs, and to ascertain what is impossible to the human mind.

To be permitted to indulge this curiosity would be to confuse and confound, for no one in human garb can comprehend the mind of the Lord

God Almighty. Yet man in vainly attempting to appease his curiosity is often led into the wildest conjecture and speculation. The whole sum of our constellation is that the dead who die in the Lord are with the Saviour, and are like him.

We realize, in reverent complacency, that at best, the labours of mortal man are as nothing towards helping him on to the city on high—the eternal abode of bliss; but blessed be God that whatsoever man can accomplish in obedience to the will of God is added to the saving grace vouchsafed by the Blessed Redeemer, who has accomplished all things needful for salvation.

The Lord in mercy provided salvation for man, for it is impossible that man can save himself. This is done that the pride of man seeing that his own works can not avail, might be humbled and overcome, and that man's very humility may be rewarded with the promise and permission "that their works do follow them."

The crown, the only badge that can insure entrance into the realms of the Redeemer, has been purchased by the priceless blood of Christ, and by Divine mercy and permission the works which do follow are, as it were, immortalized as jewels in the crown of life. The jewels are worthless without the crown, but in the crown they shine forth with efficacious splendor.

The only thing needful for salvation and the reaping of the benefit which do flow from repentance and a solemn turning unto the Lord, is good works stimulated by a pure and unselfish love for Christ which generates deep love for man and an intense sympathy for fallen man.

I, as a humble servant and commissioner of the Lord and Master, tenderly and in the most sincere sympathy, ask: Lovest thou the Lord Jesus? Really and truly dost thy heart beat in filial love toward the Lord, and in grateful love towards Him who gave His life for thee? Let the enquiry sink as deeply and sincerely into your own soul as if Jesus really stood before each one of us asking as he did of his chosen disciples, "Lovest thou me?" O, may the Lord grant us grace to make solemn enquiry into this matter and bear solemn witness that we do love the Lord, and freely offer to Him and His service all that he requires of us.

To so live that we may at last go away from those we would have join us in the blissful and everlasting home prepared for those who love the Lord, it is incumbent that we obey the Gospel call to accept the invitation to identify ourselves with the Lord, and the service which seeks to advance the Glory of the Lord and the promotion of his cause. The call is free to all to accept without money and without price. God's love for us gave to the world a Saviour. Nothing great or small, nothing at all, can pay off the debt of gratitude we owe to our Father for the means of salvation.

Man would, for the pardon of sin, vainly bargain with the Almighty, and make the dispersion of his mercies merchandise; but the open-handed, free offered Gospel is lovingly tendered to all, and the voice of free grace in sweetest and most enticing melody proclaims, "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

The freeness of the Gospel arises from the character of the Glorious and Divine Donor. He is God and He gives. All things are His, and any service or thing tendered Him is already His, and but a meagre return of what is always His. Can we find of the substance of the earth—the very things He created Himself—for his glory? Can we find anything to offer, if we would, for pardon? God gives, and oh, so freely, and how gladly and gratefully should we receive the benefit of his inestimable mercy so freely offered to us.

In conclusion, I can not proclaim anything else than the Father's love. The freeness of pardon lies in the Father's love. He loves each creature of His creation. And how graciously he approves every service attempted for him, however feeble and modest. He more than any earthly father loves, and if a little child shows his love for a father by works how tenderly he is pressed to the bosom. Our Heavenly Father loves more than

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The Pennsylvania deaf-mutes have carried out their long cherished plan of a State organization, though it did not result, as anticipated, in an Alumni Association, but in an Association open to all deaf-mutes who may reside in the State. We think that it is far better that it turned out so. Had it been simply an Alumni Association it would have been divested of a great deal of that interest and popularity which it will, in its present condition, command. At the meeting in Harrisburg there were not so many deaf-mutes present as it was reasonable to expect, but those who did attend seemed to make up in enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose for what the assemblage lacked in numbers. As is the case in all new enterprises, there was a good deal of opposition to overcome before the preliminary meeting was assured, and it was only through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Robert M. Zeigler that the present organization was perfected. It is too often the practice to ignore the means by which success is secured, and to direct all attention to the result. But in the cause of justice, we are constrained to call attention to the fact that Mr. Zeigler belongs the honor of having carried out the plan of an Association of Pennsylvania deaf-mutes. He worked with a vim, and undiminished by those who, for one cause or another, endeavored to frustrate his aims, brought about the preliminary meeting; and in future days when the organization has grown great and powerful, we hope the members will not forget who it was that pioneered the plan by which they became a united body.

The meetings were conspicuous for the harmony and good feeling which prevailed and the valuable papers which were discussed.

The oration, which we print in full, is a fine one, and possesses all the more value coming, as it does, from the oldest *Alumnus* of the Philadelphia Institution. It is but justice to Mr. Carlin to say that his life has been marked by successes which do him great credit, for it must be remembered that when he was a boy the educational advantages which the people of any State in the Union possessed were far inferior to the present opportunities which are within the reach of all, whether hearing or deaf.

One of the papers read, which is of high importance, is that of Mr. Koehler, which will be found in another column. It has been well and carefully prepared and echoes the wishes of all respectable deaf-mutes. It is pretty hard on us, as a class, to swallow such a bitter draught of mistaken popular pity, and we hope the people of Pennsylvania will, ere long, understand that deaf-mutes require only the suffrage which is conceded to other citizens who can hear, and that the Legislature of Pennsylvania will amend the objectionable Act so as to afford their deaf-mute citizens the protection which they, as law-abiding people, should have.

NOTICES.

Services for Deaf-Mutes on Sunday, September 4th, St. Ann's Church, 18th Street, near 5th Ave. N. Y., at 7 and 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 2:45 P.M.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, at 12 M. (Holy Communion) and 3.30 P.M.

There will be a deaf-mute picnic at Collamer, four miles from Cleveland, Ohio, on September 5th, 1881, provided a sociable is not held on that day.

During the Fair Week, railroad fares will be reduced. Deaf-mutes desirous of attending the picnic, should take advantage of the low rates and purchase round trip tickets at half fare.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

W. Rose sports a silver "turnip."

A. Capelli visited Hoboken last week.

Walter Proper was at Fanwood last week.

Henry Seelig was seen in a Jersey town last Sabbath.

"Hen Quill" cackled at Coney Island one day recently.

Perry Martin raises tobacco on his farm in Millersburg, Pa.

Julius F. Lang and Henry McClave visited the New York School Sunday last.

It is reported that Prof. Johnson, of the Rome School, was married week ago last.

Henry Samuels, of New York City, succeeded in finding a situation as lithographer.

The St. John, N. B., School opened on August 31st with nearly 15 pupils in attendance.

The Service at St. Ann's last Sabbath was well attended. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain officiated.

Alex J. Arnold was married on Thursday, August 18th, to Miss Emma Krantz, of Carbonate, Pa.

Annie Robbins, who teaches at the Fordham, N. Y., School, visited her friend Annie Bryan, last week.

A mute named Hodges, of St. John, N. B., was assaulted by two men recently. They were each fined \$10.

Mrs. Rosine E. Siegfried, of Buffalo, N. Y., is sorry she will not be able to attend the Utica Convention.

James Rudgers, a deaf-mute, is said to be a fireman on an ocean steamer. James was educated in Ireland.

Hallie N. Holland, of West Alexandria, O., accompanied by her mother, took a trip to Niagara Falls recently.

Prof. Lloyd and wife, Prof. Jewell and wife, and Miss P. Lewis, of Station M, N. Y., visited Rockaway, Monday.

There can not be any very heated debate at that deaf and dumb Convention at Harrisburg, Pa.—*Evening Telegram*, Aug. 28.

Miss Maggie Bothner, a former pupil of the Broadway School, has returned from the country. She spent the summer very pleasantly.

W. W. Swartz was at the Pennsylvania Convention. He proposes taking an extended visit to various places which will occupy five weeks.

E. Matthews and W. Cruickshank, the former a pupil and the latter a graduate of the New York Institution, visited the School last Sunday.

Miss Mitchell, teacher of articulation at the Tarrytown Branch of the New York School, has been seriously ill with scarlet fever, but has recovered.

Miss King, the Supervisor of the Broadway School, has lost a dress worth \$40. It is surmised that it was stolen by some laborers at the new building.

A friend wishes to know whether Miss Winnefred Sitterly will again attend the School at Fanwood. Will she or some one else answer the above question?

On Tuesday, August 22d, 25 deaf-mutes who had come to attend the Harrisburg Convention, met at the house of Mr. Daniel Rank, of that city, and had a pleasant evening.

Louis Schworer, of New York City, has left his Lithographic studies, and now helps his daddy in the butcher business. He is willing to go to school, but is not allowed to do so.

Mr. A. H. Abell, of St. John, N. B., writes to notify John Gambol, of Boston, that he is dismissed from his employment, and that he is requested to settle accounts with him as soon as possible.

The new building for the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes is nearly completed. The furniture has been removed. All is ready for the opening, which will be on the 7th day of September.

Walter Peet, son of the Principal of the New York School, is the owner of eleven dogs, four of which are of the bull breed, six setter, and one St. Bernard. During their owner's absence, E. Croken has the care of them.

On Saturday last, Miss Mamie A. Weyant, a member of the High Class of the New York Institution, and a resident of Tompkins Cove, N. Y., removed to Edenville, Orange Co., N. Y., where she will live with her brother.

Miss Agnes Berry, of Sharpsville, Pa., returned home a week ago Tuesday last, from a six days' pleasant visit to her mute classmate, Miss Christina Scherger, and her friends, Mr. Coneal and family. Christina is going back to Philadelphia to School on the 7th of September.

August 25th was the anniversary of the birth of Philip J. Stafflinger, of Buffalo, N. Y. He was presented with a beautiful silver napkin-ring by his intimate friend, John B. Herman, a graduate of the New York School. On the ring was the following inscription: "Presented to Philip J. Stafflinger on his birthday, August 25th, by his friend, J. B. H." Mr. S. also received several other valuable presents on that day from his admiring friends.

Sympathy From the Deaf-Mutes.

(From the *Evening Telegram*, (N. Y.), Aug. 26, Harrisburg, Pa., August 26.—At the Deaf-Mute Convention this morning, the president announced that he had telegraphed to Secretary Blaine the resolutions of sympathy with Mrs. Garfield in consequence of the President's critical condition. Resolutions were adopted asking for the repeal of the provision in the Tramp law exempting deaf-mutes from the penalties of such a modification as will make it apply to deaf and dumb persons who by reason of physical infirmity are unable to perform manual labor. Also suggesting the enactment of an addition to the State constitution for the deaf and dumb of Pennsylvania. Also approving of church work among deaf-mutes. President Syle made a long speech, in which he showed that Pennsylvania was far behind New York in the facilities provided for the education of deaf-mutes, the latter State accommodating over twelve hundred pupils and this State only four hundred. After the adjournment, the deaf-mutes had their photographs taken.

James H. Caton is in Port Jervis, N. Y.

W. Durian will spend his vacation in Yonkers, N. Y.

Miss Prudence Lewis took a trip to Long Beach last week.

Joshiah Quincy is in New Hampshire at present. He is having a good time.

Prof. E. H. Currier, of the New York Institution, has returned from Oxford, N. Y.

Mr. W. W. Swartz is going to West Fairview, across the Susquehanna River, this week.

Andrew McDonald, of New York City, has had a glass member placed in the empty socket of his left eye.

On Aug. 22d, Charles J. Le Clerq, of New York City, visited Long Branch in company with a friend.

Miss Ida Wordell, of Long Branch, a pupil of the 44th St. School, recently visited a friend in Red Bank, N. J.

Mrs. Frank Cately, of Cincinnati, O., will soon visit her rich uncle and relatives in the country near Louisville, Ky.

W. Durian met a deaf-mute boy in Long Branch last week. His name is William Henry. He is a graduate of the Cork (Ireland) School.

Mrs. Mary A. Erras, of Biddeford, Me., has obtained a situation at housework for Mrs. P. Haines. She is a smart and neat woman.

Mr. F. N. Everhart and wife, of La Fayette, Ind., expect to take the excursion train for the Exposition in Cincinnati, about the middle of September. From Cincinnati they will go to Williamsburg, O., on a visit to friends.

The father of Mrs. F. N. Everhart, Mr. Robert Reid, died suddenly at Cuyahoga Falls, O., on Tuesday, August 16th. Cause—summer complaint. Her mother was stricken with the same disease at the time the old gentleman took it, but has recovered.

A correspondent writes:—"Wonder when Mr. George Farley, 'late editor of the late *Lombard*,' is going to send the balance due the subscribers of the defunct sheet. Will Mr. Farley please inform them by private letter or through the *JOURNAL*?"

John W. Page, of Biddeford, Me., met with a painful accident on Friday afternoon, August 19th. While working in the wood shop of the Laconia Company sawing boards, the circular saw in some manner nearly severed his thumb from his hand. He will not necessarily lose the member.

Mr. L. A. Jones, of Pulaski, N. Y., has moved his old residence from its foundation, and is preparing to erect a new house on the same site, which will be more comfortable and of better style. Consequently, his household is at present in great confusion, but will be, in a short time, ready to meet his friends in his new home.

If Miss Lenora C. Gray, formerly Brooklyn's belle, but now of Cincinnati, O., remembers her friend and classmate who called to see her the night before she left Brooklyn for Cincinnati, she will greatly oblige the said friend by sending her address in care of the *JOURNAL* as soon as convenient. The said friend would be pleased to learn how she is enjoying herself.

On Tuesday, August 16th, Miss Nellie Lothridge, of New York City, called to see her old friend and classmate, Mrs. W. G. Pownall, at her elegant residence in Brooklyn, and passed a very pleasant day. Nellie was greatly delighted to see her old classmate settled down so comfortably and enjoying life so well, and hopes no ill will mar her future life.

Miss Ida E. Price, the charming young daughter of Auditor Ben F. Price, of Brownstown, Ind., is visiting her many friends in this city, and is stopping with her old classmate, Miss Emma B. Lowe, at the residence of William A. Lowe, Esq., No. 204 Ash Street—*Indianapolis Sunday Sentinel*. [The above mentioned young ladies were the "sweet girl graduates" of '79 at the Indiana Institution.]

Among the ten thousand or more pleasure seekers who enjoyed themselves at Coney Island a week ago Sunday, were Miss Nellie Lothridge, of New York City, and a friend whose name has slipped the writer's memory. They enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content taking in the numerous sights to be seen between Coney Island and Brighton Beach. They were greatly pleased with their visit, and regretted their inability to hear the music from the band of Mr. Joseph Levy, the eminent cornet soloist.

Mrs. J. E. Williams wishes her friends to know she is passing the summer pleasantly with Mrs. Lansing and family, at Three Mile Bay, N. Y. She attended a picnic in the country, about ten miles away, a few weeks ago with Mrs. Lansing, her sister, Miss Guile, and Mrs. Howk, all deaf-mutes, with other speaking friends, and enjoyed the day much. She has also visited the Thousand Islands, stopping at the Parks and Alexander Bay, and was charmed with the beautiful scenery all along the St. Lawrence River. She recently rode nineteen miles with a friend, to pay a visit, passing through a fine portion of the country where there were many interesting views to be obtained, returning the same evening by moonlight, having spent a delightful day.

A Quiet Convention.

HARRISBURG, PA., Aug. 24, '81. A very interesting convention of the deaf and dumb, principally of this State, met here this morning for the purpose of forming an organization for their own advancement. Over one hundred were present. A temporary organization was effected, and a committee on permanent organization and by-laws was appointed. The convention will be in session three days.—*New York Herald*, Aug. 25.

A Speaking Machine.

A new and most ingenious speaking machine has lately been exhibited by Herr Faber before the Physical Society, London. It is designed to more perfectly imitate, mechanically, the utterance of the human voice, by means of artificial organs of articulation made on the human model, and it is worked by keys like a musical instrument. A bellows, made of wood and India rubber, serves for lungs; a small windmill is placed in front of the vessel to give trilling sounds; the larynx is made of a single membrane of hippopotamus hide and India rubber, and a month with two lips, a tongue and an India rubber nose, complete the organs of the apparatus. Fourteen distinct sounds are uttered by it, and, by combining these, any word in any language can be produced—also laughing and whispering.

If the above be true, a correspondent wants to know why it won't supply a long felt want of the dumb.

Mr. Will, of Easton, Pa., works in the car shops.

Mrs. Elan Will, of Easton, Pa., has gone to Milton, Pa., on a visit.

Mr. N. J. Ellis expects to leave for Sunbury this week, to see his friends.

Mr. W. W. S. contemplates going to Carlisle, Pa., this week, if nothing happens.

William D. Frey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., champion croaker paker, can pack 35 to 38 barrels per day. Who can beat him?

Messrs. Ellis and Swartz, of Catawissa, (mutes) are stopping with Mrs. Kate Cowell—an aunt of W. W. Swartz—in Mechanicsburg, Pa., eight miles west of Harrisburg.

On Tuesday, August 18th, Miss Katie Steigmann, of Baltimore, was married to Mr. Van Nort of New York, by Rev. John Chamberlain, at the paragon of St. Ann's Church.

Messrs. Ellis and Swartz paid a visit to Miss Louisa Hinkle, (mute) of Mechanicsburg. She has been at school in Philadelphia for two years. Perhaps she will go there again.

Mr. D. McBride, who graduated from the New York School in 1879, was the effective pitcher for the Hamilton B. B. C., which defeated the Brooklyn Furniture Co's club, at Prospect Park, last Saturday.

Miss Hannah Henry, who has been living with her sister in Brooklyn, is spending the summer months at her country home at Cohocton Centre, Sullivan Co., N. Y. She seems to be having a lovely time engaging in summer amusements, especially rowing, as she lives near Lake Huntington. She expects to go back to the city as soon as the weather gets cool.

On Sunday, August 28th, at the request of the Rev. H. Winter Syle, who has charge of the York (Penn.) Deaf-Mute Mission, the Rev. Job Turner conducted both morning and evening combined services before a good speaking congregation, with ten deaf-mutes among them, at St. John's Church, in that city. Next morning, he left for Utica by rail, to attend the Empire State Deaf-Mute Convention.

George Wormeth, a deaf-mute boy, is at his home at Pike Pond at present. He was to make Miss Henry a visit and spend two days with her. He lives about four miles from Lake Huntington, and said he had a delightful time on the lake rowing the pretty little boat, called the "Lily of the Lake." He says he is going back to school on the 8th of September. He appears to be a very bright boy.

Mr. Oscar Merrill, of Middagh's, P. O., Pa., is farming for his father. His wife and little child are with him. On the 21st of July they left to visit Stroudsburg, Pa., to visit his wife's uncle and remained over a week. While there they visited Mr. and Mrs. John P. Mosteller, of East Stroudsburg, and had a pleasant time. On August 21st Mr. Elan Will and family of Easton, Pa., and Mr. Cornelius Delory, of Phillipsburg, N. J., visited them.

Alex Deszendorf writes: "I noticed an item in the *JOURNAL* of two weeks ago, that said Charles D. Edmonston was much disappointed because Lounsbury and I did not come to see him in Newburg. I am sorry I gave him so much trouble. I was at Philadelphia, by the request of my cousin, and Lounsbury was at Fallman Station, N. Y., three weeks ago. I feel to be sure and see him at Cornwall, by Steamer Thomas Cornell, on some Saturday, when I will send him word.

Mr. Newton Hammer, of this county formerly, a pupil of the Tennessee School for Deaf and Dumb, who recently graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, a year in advance of his class, has returned to his home at Sevierville, where he is perfecting himself in Phillips' new system of telegraphy, preparatory to accepting a position with the New York Associated Press Company, who have adopted this new method, by which each word in the language is abbreviated.—*Knoxville Tribune*, Aug. 17.

A deaf-mute killed by a Train.

STANTON, Aug. 17.—David Miller, a deaf-mute, of Rockbridge County, was killed by a train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad to-day. He was walking on the track near the Stanton Depot.—*New York Sun*.

Beat her Husband.

Sabina Heim, of East New York, a German woman of vigorous appearance, is blessed with a very sharp temper and a husband who is deaf and dumb and almost blind. Whenever Sabina gets out of temper she vents her spite upon her husband, whom she treats in an outrageous manner. For this she has been to jail a number of times. Yesterday she was again arrested by constable Dickinson for assaulting her husband. She was tried by Justice Sherlock and fined 10 dollars.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

A Mute Wedding.

At the residence of the bride's parents, four miles out of the Lebanon Pike, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. George Van Doren to Miss Ellen Augusta Lefever.

This was a very brilliant and enjoyable wedding, and was characterized with interest from the fact that the parties are both mutes, and they were married by a mute minister, assisted by Rev. Mr. Loucks. The ceremony was a solemn and impressive, and being conducted in mute language, was all the more interesting. This event was witnessed by a large number of friends and invited guests, who were especially delighted with the ceremony so unusual upon such occasions. The happy couple were as cheerful and gay in social intercourse as any bride and groom can possibly be, and start out with a bright and happy future before them. All joined in hearty congratulations and well wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

A sumptuous repast was spread, after which the happy pair went on a wedding tour to Cincinnati. The following is a list of the handsome and elegant presents, and the names of the donors: Mollie C. Haas, card-receiver; Rev. M. Loucks and wife, card-receiver; Mr. J. Bigger and family, cake-basket; Wm. H. Lefever, pastor; Mr. and Mrs. Hartfield, bouquet-holder; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lefever, clock; Mr. and Mrs. E. Mame, vase; Dr. and Mrs. Lefever, pair of vases; G. W. Lefever, bouquet-holder; Miss Augusta Whipp, sugar-bowl; Isabella Whipp, sugar-bowl; Bride's mother, butter-dish; Mr. and Mrs. John McClain, salt-sellers; Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Prugh, package of napkins; Groom to bride, gold-neck lace.—*Dayton, O., Daily Journal*, Aug. 25.

J. R. Pimm expects to attend the Re-union at Utica.

Louis Schworer, of New York City, went to West Point last week.

H. Wade has returned from a two weeks' jaunt in the Catskill Mountains.

D. C. Hargrave, of Blue Hill, Me., expects to visit friends in East Boston this week.

C. N. Brainerd, Steward of the New York School, has returned from his vacation.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., expects to visit friends in Buffalo, N. Y., soon.

Charles Schiendler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has gone to work as a jeweler in that place, and earns \$5 per week.

Joseph Glosque, of Yonkers, N. Y., recently caught a hundred crabs with a net in the Hudson River.

Mr. A. C. Carlisle, of Blue Hill, Me., is working in the Paving Granite Works, and is healthy and robust.

Fred Fennel, who is in the employ of J. R. Pimm at Wolcott, N. Y., contemplates getting married before long.

Robert Arnold works in the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Car Shops. He was at the Harrisburg Convention and was much pleased with it.

J. J. Borden says he would like to attend the Utica Re-union, but business will demand his presence at Detroit by the 1st of September, so he regrets his inability to go to Utica.

Miss Mary Fullman, of the Rome Institution, has been rusticated at Victory and Wolcott, N. Y., and reports an enjoyable time, and is talking of attending the Utica Re-union.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., has been on an extensive tour through Ohio and Pennsylvania. He met many mutes during his travels. He had a very pleasant time.

A deaf-mute tramp by the name of Lloyd, an old graduate of the American Asylum at Hartford, made his appearance in Wolcott, N. Y., some time ago, on begging tour. His education is pretty good.

John J. Borden, of Detroit, Mich., with his family, is visiting his native place at Wolcott, N. Y., and wonders how the village could have changed so since he left it, and predicts that it will be a city before long.

W. W. Swartz, of Catawissa, Pa., was at the Stanton picnic and stopped over Sunday with Prof. Koehler. He afterwards stopped with Mr. Robert Arnold in Mill Hollow for one week, and had a pleasant time.

Prof. Lewis N. Benedict, who was on an extended wedding tour to New York, Coney Island, Connecticut and other places, has arrived at his parents' residence in Victory, where he expects to remain till the re-opening of the school at Rome.

J. J. Borden and J. R. Pimm went, the other day, to Lake Huron, on the great Lodus Bay, and took a pleasant ride in a steamboat and were landed at "Little Island," where Prof. Westerwelt, of Rochester School, has been camping, and took a little rest under his tent; but to their regret the Professor was absent.

On the 30th ult., upon his return from Canada, where he had been visiting his parents for two weeks, Mr. Henry A. Porter resumed his old place at the Fairbanks Sash Works, and had one of his fingers on the left hand caught in a circular saw and cut off near the first joint. He was obliged to discontinue work for three weeks.

On August 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., returned home from their visit to the parents of Mrs. B., at Berlin Falls, N. H., and to her sisters, at Island Pond, Vt. They had a splendid time. On their way to the former place, they stopped with Mr. James S. Meacham, at Guildhall, Vt., for two days. His son, Allen B., is becoming quite popular as a carriage painter, and is well patronized.

Outrage Near Skibbereen, Ireland.

A desperate outrage occurred on Saturday, July 30, near Ballydeob. The object was an old gentleman named Swanton, aged eighty. By a strange coincidence his son, Mr. George Swanton, M. P., was fired at about two months ago in the same locality. The old gentleman was in Skibbereen the day before about four o'clock, in an open car, which was driven by his servant. Crooked Bridge had been safely reached and they were ascending the hill which leads down towards Ballydeob when a shot was fired from behind a clump of brushwood, striking the old man in the side of the face. Being very deaf he did not hear the report, and imagined he had been struck with a stone. The horse took fright and dashed along the road at a terrific pace. He was not brought to until a hill overlooking Ballydeob had been reached and it was found that in his flight the traces had been smashed. The driver then on turning round saw the left temple, and was bleeding profusely. He informed his master that he had been fired at and that the wound was the result not of a blow of a stone but of a musket. The driver had escaped in a providential manner. His hat was found to be perforated with slugs, although his person was not touched. On being taken to his house, which is a few miles outside Ballydeob, Mr. Swanton, was attended by three medical gentlemen: Dr. Swanton, of Bantry, who is his son; Dr. Hatton, of Skibbereen; and Dr. Sweetman, of Schull. Various reasons are assigned for the outrage. Mr. Swanton recently obtained ejectment decree against some laborers on his property, and he himself had been personally engaged in serving writs. The old gentleman lost a great deal of blood, and considering the serious nature of the wounds and the advanced age of the patient, little hopes are entertained of his recovery.—*Catholic Herald* Aug. 25.

MARRIED.

PORTER-BENNETT.—At Rochester, N. Y., Wednesday, August 24th, at 3 o'clock P.M., by the Rev. Mr. Craig, William Porter, M.D., Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, to Mrs. Bennett, of Rochester, N. Y.

ARNOLD-KRANTZ.—August 18th, 1881, at Carbonate, Pa., by Rev. C. Wilson Smith, Mr. Alexander J. Arnold, of Mill Hollow, Pa., to Miss Emma J. Krantz, of Carbonate, Pa. The first deaf-mute couple married in Carbonate, Pa.

VAN DOREN-LAFEVER.—At the residence of the bride, near Dayton, O., August 25th, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. George Van Doren, of Franklin, O., to Miss Ella Augusta Lefever.

GAY-BOOTHBY.—At Nashua, N. H., August 23d, by the Rev. Mr. Alvord, Mr. E. R. Gay, of Nashua, N. H., to Miss Hannah O. Boothby, of Maine.

FANWOOD

What has Been Done during Vacation.

CUPID'S FATAL SHOTS

Items Culled from Here and There.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The Institution has undergone a thorough overhauling. The plasterers have torn down shaky ceilings and put up new ones; the carpenters have made such repairs as were necessary; the white-wash man has given the whole building—the inside—a new coat of virgin white; the plumber has done his duty like a man, and has made his "pile," too; the painter has gone his rounds and left his mark behind him, and last but not least, the bucket gang has followed in the footsteps of the above and left everything as bright as a new pin. The Institution has been all scrubbed from cellar to garret, and now the shops are at the mercy of the "scrub brigade."

The vacation ends on September 7th, and school opens for the term on the following day. The pupils living along the Erie Railroad will come down by the train that leaves Dunkirk at 1:05 o'clock, September 7th. Those living along the route of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad will come down in the train that leaves Rochester at 7:15 o'clock, September 7th.

Cupid has not been idle by no means during the summer; all seasons are alike to him. He takes no vacation, or if he does, he always combines business with pleasure. He, anyhow, sent off two shots which struck home. The first of these hit Dr. William Porter, M.D., the Superintendent of the Institution, who was married to a Mrs. Bennett in Rochester, N. Y., recently. The other "sufferer" is Mr. William C. Herick, formerly clerk here, who married Miss F. D. Rice, Matron of the Tarrytown Branch, August 24th. Health, wealth and prosperity through life, is the wish of all Fanwood's inmates to both parties.

Dr. I. L. Peet is rusticated on his farm at Dunkirk, N. Y. It is expected that he will have charge of those pupils returning to the Institution on the train from that place on September 7th.

Prof. E. H. Currier and wife, who have been summering in Oxford, N. Y., returned to Fanwood recently. It is reported that they are going to start housekeeping in the "Village."

Prof. Jenkins, who had been spending the summer in a Massachusetts seaside resort, is now at his home, busily engaged in ridding his "garden" of weeds, which during his absence have overrun his place.

The printers working on the *JOURNAL* have made the croquet ground fronting the Institution as barren as a desert. "Red hot" games are played, and the balls receive terrible knocks, and when Fanwood's daughters return, we fear they will find their croquet balls and mallets "gone to smash."

Mr. Anthony Capelli informs us that he is not only ready but willing to swim that Brooklyn would-be champion for any distance he may name, the match to come off before September 7th, between the hours of 6 and 7 p.m., on any Saturday before the above date, and if Dunlap does not put in appearance by that time he will be "no where." There are two other ambitious young fellows who are willing to add to the interest of the match by competing.

In a recent issue of the

(Continued from 3d Page.)
the Board be adopted. Unanimously passed.

It was then announced that Mr. R. M. Zeigler was elected Second Vice-President, and Mr. W. H. Lipsett, of Philadelphia, was elected to fill the vacancy in the Board of Managers caused by the promotion of Mr. Zeigler.

While waiting for the photographer, Dr. Gallaudet gave a brief description of his trip to Europe. On motion, votes of thanks were tendered to the officers of the Convention for the faithful discharge of their duties, and also to the interpreter, Dr. Gallaudet, and to Mr. Zeigler, Chairman of the State Committee. After a few remarks by the President, in which he thanked the Convention for its orderly behavior during its sessions, the Convention was adjourned sine die, closing with a benediction by Dr. Gallaudet. The Convention was then photographed on the steps of the executive chamber.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

One of the most pleasing and profitable features of deaf-mute conventions has been the holding of religious services by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and other clergymen engaged in ministering to the deaf. This feature was not wanting in Harrisburg during the week, and the number of clergymen taking part was unusually large, rendering the services most interesting and impressive. Besides Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Syle, who was, of course, on hand at such a gathering in his own missionary district, there were Rev. Job Turner, who came with Dr. Gallaudet, and who is esteemed as widely as he is known, and Rev. Dr. Clero, who showed his affectionate interest by coming from his distant home for the day, Thursday.

The early hour of 7 A. M. saw a small but devout congregation gathered in St. Paul's Episcopal church, Ridge and Forster avenue, to partake of the holy communion. It was celebrated by Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by Messrs. Syle and Turner; Dr. Clero arrived, after his night journey, in time to partake with the other clergy, to their surprise and pleasure. Twelve or fourteen deaf-mutes communed, some of them Episcopalians, but others Methodists, Baptists, etc., all of whom were equally and cordially welcomed to the Lord's Supper. Dr. Gallaudet made a brief address.

In the evening, the beautiful church was filled to the doors with a mixed congregation of the deaf and hearing, the former being present in force. The clergy entered in procession, the four already named being accompanied by Rev. L. F. Baker, rector of St. Paul's, and Rev. R. J. Keeling, D.D., rector of St. Stephen's church. The usual evening service was read, both orally and in signs, Mr. Syle beginning, and Mr. Turner offering concluding prayers, while Dr. Gallaudet read the psalms (146 and 148) and the anthem (Benedic) as they were sung by the choir. The lesson was St. Matthew, v. 1:16. Rev. Mr. Baker cordially welcomed the deaf to his church, and the hymn

"Sun of my soul, Thon Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou art near,"

having been sung, addresses followed. Drs. Gallaudet and Clero interpreting. Dr. Keeling began by referring to a similar occasion, seventeen years ago, when Dr. Gallaudet addressed his congregation at Trinity church, Washington, and quoted from the inexhaustible treasures of the Bible, a text that he felt was happily suited to such an occasion—when our Saviour replied to those who asked Him if a certain blind man was born so for his own sins or those of his parents, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God might be made manifest in him." (John ix. 3.)

He said the congregation before him showed that God was tied down to no one method of conveying His revelations; some He reached through the language, appealing to their ears, and some to their eyes, but to all His wondrous love was freely extended.

Dr. Gallaudet followed with an explanatory for the benefit of the hearing people, of the various ways of talking to the deaf—the manual alphabet and signs, and subsequently sketched the history of church work in this country, from the small beginning of his Bible class, in 1850, to its present condition, with five clergymen constantly engaged in it and several others helping occasionally, and a corresponding number of lay workers, sustained by two influential organizations, the Church Mission in New York and the Pennsylvania Diocesan Commission in Philadelphia.

Earnest and affectionate addresses to the deaf on their spiritual condition, the promises of salvation and the means of grace offered by a tender, loving and all-powerful Saviour, and their duties as Christians, individually and collectively, were made by Drs. Clero and Gallaudet and Messrs. Turner and Syle. The last begged the deaf to feel free to call on him as their pastor—or rather as a friend and assistant to the hearing pastors at their own homes, and urged them to consider seriously what they could do for the spiritual benefit of other deaf-mutes; appealing especially to those young men and maidens who had enjoyed superior advantages of education. Thirty years ago the possibility to high classes was just being discussed; fifteen years ago the college was in its infancy; and now, as they saw, deafness was no bar to the sacred ministry. Many could be useful to their neighbors as teachers of

Bible classes and as lay readers, conducting religious services under the supervision of the local clergymen; and it might be God was calling some to devote their lives to His service as ordained ministers. The exercises closed with the beautiful "Prayer for the Deaf," prepared by Bishop Stevens, and the Blessing of Peace.

LETTER FROM "COLUMBUS."

REPLY TO "TYPO" CONCERNING HIS CHARGES AGAINST THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF THE "CHRONICLE"—MARRIAGE OF TWO MUTES—REJOICING AT AN HEIR—NOTES ABOUT THE INSTITUTION.

(Correspondence of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.)

The JOURNAL of August 18th, contains a letter from its Cleveland correspondent, "Typo," wherein from hearsay and otherwise, certain charges are made against the *Chronicle*, and in particular against the foreman thereof. It is charged that those who have graduated from the office are poor workmen, and that it is difficult for them to retain a position when once secured, owing to their lack of knowledge in proof-correcting, which is essential in a good printer.

We do not propose to become the defender of the printing office here, but will attempt to state matters as they are, and then let "Typo" and the rest judge for themselves.

We think "Typo" has done the present foreman of the office, Mr. Scott, a great injustice, by making it appear he was unfaithful in the discharge of his duties. Had he given the name of the foreman he had reference to, a different conclusion would have been arrived at. From our own observation, we are sure Mr. Scott, since he has had charge of the office, beginning with last September, has done all in his power to further the advancement of those under his charge, and if they have not attained the standard they or their friends expected, the fault can not be attached to him, but rather to the limited time and facilities with which the office is provided. We might, also, add that the fault sometimes can be laid at the pupils' own door, owing to the lack of interest he takes in his work.

It is well known the school is divided into three divisions, each division occupying about two hours a day at their trade—being twelve hours a week or 53½ days, allowing 9 hours a day's work, during a term of forty weeks. Again, suppose the average time of a pupil spent at school is seven years, it will be seen that, should he lose no time from his work, his instruction in any of the trades carried on at the Institution extends to only a little over a year. This is certainly a very limited time in which to acquire efficiently a trade. If we are not mistaken, the Printers' Union requires an apprenticeship of five years before a person can become a member of its organization. This being the case, it is evident that mates after graduating from an institution printing office labor against great odds, when put in competition with such a class of workmen, and hence we should not be surprised if they are called poor printers.

Another thing. It should be remembered that the printing office from the start, has been poorly and insufficiently furnished, and hence it could not be expected that those employed therein could come from it as competent to understand their trade as those who had better advantages in a first class printing office. Poor as the office has been provided, still where one showed inclination to learn, opportunities were presented where he could make considerable progress in the rudiments of the trade; but if he was shiftless, and did not care how he did his work, of course he could prove nothing else but a failure after he left. Very likely, if "Typo" had interviewed his informant a little further, he would have found him to have belonged to this latter class.

We know of instances in the printing office coming direct under our observation, where pupils seized every opportunity afforded to shirk their work. From these kind of persons we generally hear complaints of their inability to obtain work after leaving school, and because they are incompetent they lay the whole responsibility upon their instructors, when really the fault is their own. We know of several graduates of the Institution who have become successful printers. These same mates we remember, while at school, were diligent at their work, and took pains to master it, and this, no doubt, accounts for their success in the art.

The complaint that the foreman did not allow the pupils to correct proofs is not founded on fact. It has been the rule of every foreman who has had charge of the office, with one exception, and we are not quite sure of that, to have the boys do this kind of work, and we have often seen them at it ourselves. We questioned foreman Scott regarding his course in the matter, and his answer was just opposite to what "Typo" claimed.

Let it also be remembered that the amount of work done in the office is comparatively small to the number of persons to do it, and hence it must reasonably be expected that some must be slighted, or their instruction in a particular branch of the work limited. Still this fact does not show that the pupils are neglected or refused instruction in certain parts of the trade.

We were not aware that "Honorary Certificates" in attainments of work-

manship were given pupils of this Institution until we had read "Typo's" letter. It is a case of go away from home to get the news. We are positive the giving of such certificates is not done here. Foreman Scott informed us that he had given out no such certificates, but that he did recommend two of the boys of his office last June, for their industry, soberness and the kind of work they were able to perform. Only this and nothing more.

The new job printing press has arrived, and, in the language of Mr. Scott, "it is a daisy." The new type and printing material is also here. Mr. Scott has cleaned the office up, and given the walls a white-washing. The carpenters are at work in the office partitioning off an editorial room and making certain improvements about the place.

Daniel Lutz, of Stark County, was married week before last to Miss Sarah Beverly, of Irontown, Lawrence Co. Both were still enrolled as pupils here last June, being in classes of the Primary Department, the groom being only 19 years old. There was a hitch in his endeavors to obtain a marriage certificate in this State, owing to his youthfulness, and it was necessary for him and his intended to cross over the Ohio into Kentucky, where laws on this subject are less strict than in Buckeye-land. He was successful in gaining his end, and the two were made one on "blue grass soil."

After they were married, they passed up this way, stopping on their way to visit their *Alma Mater*. Of course, they were all smiles at the surprises they caused on giving the news of their transformation to man and wife, and we hope, for their sake sunny skies will accompany the bark they have just entered.

About a year ago, we had the pleasure of attending and reporting the marriage of Mr. A. B. Davis to Miss Lucy Cook. And now, we take equal pleasure in announcing the arrival of an heir to them this week. 'Tis a boy, and his avoirdupois is 8½ pounds. If anybody in Sandusky feels big now we are sure it is Mr. A. B. Davis, and he has just cause to be so, too, on becoming a father.

The following is from the *State Journal*, of this city:

"Mr. Lew Flenniken, of the Third Street Engine House, will sever his connection with the Department to-day noon, and will go to West Jefferson this afternoon in response to information announcing the serious illness of his mother. On the first of September, Mr. Flenniken will resume his old duties at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb."

COLUMBUS.

8-27-'81.

Sustain the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—The Convention of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission was attended at Auburn, in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Saturday and Sunday, August 27th and 28th, 1881, assembling at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Charles A. Brown, the President, called the Convention to order, and Mr. George Keniston, of Everett, Mass., opened the exercises with prayer. The President, after making a short address, appointed, as the Nominating Committee, Messrs. August Titcomb, of Saco; James Andrews, of Paris, and Byron A. Brown, of South Newbury.

Mr. C. Augustus Brown was re-elected President by 46 to 1; Mr. George W. Wakefield, of Brownfield, was chosen Secretary by 37 to 10, and Mr. Byron A. Brown, Treasurer by 32 to 15 votes.

Messrs. E. W. Curtis, the late Secretary, and Hiram P. Hunt, the late Treasurer, had advocated the Biennial Convention of the Mission, which resulted in loss of their heads as officers. The mates present were unanimous for annual meeting.

The Fourth Convention of the Mission will be attended at Augusta, on the last Saturday and Sunday of August, 1882, according to the wishes of the decided majority of the mates.

On Saturday evening, library books, belonging to the Mission, were given to every member by lot.

On Sunday, at 10:30 and 2 o'clock, Rev. Samuel Rowe and Prof. Melville Ballard preached very interesting sermons, of which we enjoyed the fruits. Several male ladies and gentlemen arose and told their religious experiences on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

To-day, there were about 65 deaf-mutes assembled at the Mission.

All the mates here have enjoyed a splendid and glorious time.

BYRON A. BROWN.

AUBURN, MAINE, 8-28-'81.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Indianapolis	Aug. 7th.
Cleveland	" 14th.
Pittsburg	" 21st.
Dayton	" 26th.
Cincinnati	" 28th.
Detroit	Sept. 4th.
East Saginaw (?)	" 5th.
Chicago	" 11th.
Yoliet	" 12th.
Indianapolis	" 18th.
Lafayette	" 19th.
Pittsburg	" 25th.
New York	Oct. 2d.
Cleveland	" 9th.
St. Louis	" 16th.

Other appointments may be made between the above, and due notice given.

DEAF WIT.

HOW DEAF-MUTES ARE MADE SPORT OF, AND SOME SPORT MADE BY DEAF-MUTES.

A Mixture of Humor and otherwise—Principally Otherwise.

BY TERWILLIGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

A mute who was until recently a night-watchman, refers to it as his "late occupation."

The deaf-mute who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

A deaf-mute aged 99 has stopped smoking. He heard last week that it was injurious to the health.

A deaf-mute when asked by a Reverend gentleman what sort of conscience he had, replied: "It is as good as new, I have never used it."

A deaf-mute has been arrested for biting a piece out of his wife's arm. So a mute who loves his wife well enough to eat her is to have no credit for it.

"Neuralgia" is the charming name under which a Wisconsin mute girl skips. Her fond mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was captivated with its sweetness.

A deaf-mute lady recently had her likeness taken by a photographer, who executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original. *It can not make signs.*

The right kind of a deaf-mute boy with a pea shooter, can take his teacher's attention from the irksome rule of three faster than any thing else in this bleak, cold world.

"Yes, sir," remarked a New York Institution boy after a lecture by one of the Professors. "His signs were funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried."

Some old wise acre has said, "None but the brave deserve the fair." If that remark applies to deaf-mutes, we are of the opinion that none but the brave can live with some of them.

"Mr. Smith," said a Philadelphia deaf-mute, "I want to borrow your JOURNAL; I only want to read it." "I will do so on condition you send me your supper. I only want to eat it."

An old lady who has several unmarried deaf-mute daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

A wicked deaf-mute says he has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of deaf-mute females 15 feet apart, and commit the news to the first as a very profound secret.

A prominent deaf-mute has written to us saying he would stake his reputation against two cents that he knows who we are. We are of the opinion it is the most equal bet that has ever been heard of.

There are eight thousand and sixty-four distinct languages, not including the manual alphabet and sign-language, and yet a deaf-mute who smashes his nose on the edge of a door in the dark, finds difficulty in expressing himself.

In one of our institutions not many years ago, several ladies and gentlemen visited a classroom where the younger pupils are taught. A small semi-mute boy was asked to name some part of his body. He thought a moment, and then replied: "Bowels; which are five in number—a, e, i, o and u, and sometimes w and y."

It is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this has proved a mistake. As an aged and very near-sighted deaf-mute of New York City lifted his hat to what he supposed to be a lady friend, but in reality was a dress model in front of a fashionable dry goods store, the wind carried away his wig and rocked it in the gutter for him.

"Young man," said a well known deaf-mute Institution principal, to a slippery mute who had asked for and obtained leave of absence to attend his grandmother's funeral,—"young man, I find, on looking over the records, that this is the eleventh time you have been excused to attend the funeral of your grandmother. Your leave of absence is therefore revoked. Your grandmother must get herself buried without you this time."

There is a deaf-mute tobacco chewer in New York City who has, until recently, been in the habit of declaring about once a month that he "would never take another chew!" but broke the pledge as soon as made. The other day, shortly after he had "sworn off," he was met by a friend who said: "I thought you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again." "Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

TERWILLIGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

Virginia Letter.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I herewith send you a few items concerning my trip. I had a very pleasant trip, and came here safely last July, and was truly glad to find all my mute friends well.

I was surprised to meet Mr. Charles Bruce at Lynchburg, and very glad to see him. He told me that his parents moved from Staunton to Lynchburg last year. He is a photographer at Mr. William Edward's gallery.

I left there with my family and went to Goshen, Va. We were delighted to meet Mr. J. W. Michael and his wife. They kindly invited us to eat breakfast, and, also, we were pleased to meet Mr. W. F. Johnston, a mute druggist from Richmond, Va., who was on a visit to them. He expects to come and see us soon.

Prof. Williams and his wife, and Messrs. Amos Hollars and Major, have visited us since we came from Mississippi.

Mr. Major is said to be a very good and industrious farmer, and works for Prof. Williams. He is selling peaches at Staunton.

Miss Mollie W. Sykes is a mute young lady who came from Charlottesville, Va., to pay a visit to her classmate, Miss Cora Fultz, and her friend, Mrs. L. W. Saunders. She is enjoying her visit here. She expects to leave for Abredeem, Miss., soon.

Mr. Arthur Fultz is a deaf-mute farmer in Steele's Tavern, Va. He is a brother of Miss Cora Fultz and Mrs. Sumner. He works for his father. He is a clever man.

Mr. friend, Mr. Kearney, sent me the *Jackson Clarion*. The *Clarion* says that the considerate courtesy of the Board of Trustees of the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Institution, in placing the sleeping rooms of the Institution at the service of the delegates to the State Convention was duly appreciated. About fifty were thus comfortably provided for. Prof. J. R. Dohy, the Superintendent of the Institution, was indefatigable in his attentions to those thus assigned to his establishment. The State Convention met on the 3d inst. The pupils of the Institution are now having vacation, and hence the rooms were available for the emergency.

Prof. John W. Scott, a teacher of the Mississippi Institution, and his wife, left Jackson two weeks ago. They are now in Gettysburg, Penn., on a visit to their relations.

We regret to learn of the death, on the rail, of the deaf-mute young man whose name was David W. Miller, about twenty years of age. He was a son of Mr. Samuel Miller, who lives in Bedford Co., Va. He was a pupil of the Virginia Institution. He went home to spend vacation and was returning to Staunton, Va., on the railroad track, when the White Sulphur Spring Fast Air Express came along near Fishersville, about seven miles from Staunton. The whistle was blown, but all efforts to warn him failed, and he was struck and killed by the engine. The remains were brought to Staunton, and identified by one of the teachers of the Virginia Institution, and were sent to his father in Bedford Co., on Friday. Every mute must not forget to be advised by all the teachers, friends and parents, about the dangers of walking on the railroad track.

It was reported a few days ago that a deaf and dumb man, named William Daniel, about 23 years of age, was shot. He was nearsighted. He must have been a tramp. He traveled on foot through some States and tried to get work, but failed. One night he was walking along a road in Greene Co., Va., and could not see the way very well. He saw a barn, and wished to stop and sleep in it. The negro servant of the lady (widow) heard him walking about in the barnyard, and went and told the lady. The lady told the servant to take a gun and shoot him. The servant cried loudly and asked him who he was many times, and then he fired and shot him in the head. He went to see him, and found him deaf and dumb, and he was very sorry. He was arrested by some officers, and examined by the Judge, and then released.

It is true that I met several mates tramping around the south. I told them to go the best way to their homes, and stay there and help their parents and kind neighbors. When mates leave school they must stay home and help their parents to make a happy and pleasant living. Every mute ought to take the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes.

I expect to start for Jackson, Miss., on the 1st or 2d weeks of next September. L. W. SAUNDERS. STEELE'S TAVERN, VA., August 23.

Western Pennsylvania.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Wednesday morning, the 17th inst., Miss Agnes Berry, of Sharpsville, Pa., went in company with the writer, on the accommodation train, starting at 7:15 o'clock A.M., to New Castle, Pa., a distance of about twenty miles from Sharpsville. They expected to meet Miss Christina Scherger and Mr. Connel at the New Castle station, but they found that they were not present. They met Miss C. Scherger's lovely speaking sister. They then took their seats in an omnibus, the price being 25 cents for each of them.

The ride was over a mile through the large town of New Castle, situated on Shenango Creek. They at length arrived at Miss Christina Scherger's residence, whose father works in a sheet mill. Shaking hands were enjoyed. Miss Berry and the writer talked of old times with Christina, they, of course, expressing

themselves highly pleased at seeing her again.

Miss Berry asked if any one knew where the residence of Mr. Connel was. His name reminded Master John Scherger of his abode, and Miss Berry went under his guidance to the residence of Mr. Connel. It was reported that soon after her arrival, Mrs. Connel was taken with cramps, and fell to the floor. She was almost in the jaws of death. Medical aid was summoned, and she was enabled to take medicine. Her husband was obliged to quit work and take care of her until she got well. Miss Berry spent two nights with them.

On Thursday afternoon, the 18th inst., Mr. John Scherger, a stout, black-eyed boy, and the writer enjoyed a journey around the large town and thick groves for a few hours. They ascended the Top Hill, which commanded a grand view of the town and the surrounding country. There are upwards of ten thousand people in New Castle, over five times the population of Sharpsville. They arrived home at nearly noon, and the writer found that Miss Berry had just come in. A joyful afternoon was spent by Misses Berry, Scherger and the writer, and chit-chat on various matters of interest went the rounds of the company.

On the evening of the same day, Mr. Connel showed his generosity towards them by cordially inviting them to take some ice-cream. After that the party linked arm in arm, promenaded far into the night.

On Saturday afternoon, the 20th inst., Misses Berry, Scherger and the writer made a contract of having their pictures taken together. So they entered the photograph office, and made a splendid appearance before the camera. When the pictures were finished, they had their respective photographs taken. After that Mr. Connel offered an invitation to take some ice cream. The writer had now passed a three days' enjoyable visit at the residence of Miss Scherger.

The writer bade her good bye, and took the accommodation train for Sharpsville, arriving there on the afternoon of the same day.

Mr. Terrence Fein and his mute sister live in Jamestown, Pa. Both graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution—the former in 1878 and the latter in 1877. Terrence made a flying visit to us on Thursday afternoon of last week (August 17th). He is selling chromos, books, etc., from place to place, and is making good wages. His sister Mary is a dress-maker out and out.

In your issue of August 18th, it is said that Miss Clark, of Hickory Top, set her heart on knowing the whereabouts of her classmate, Miss Fahenstock, who did not recognize the name of Miss Clark. Her real name is Miss Agnes Berry, but as her step-father's name is Clark she sometimes uses it. Her father, John Berry, departed this life in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1864 or 1865. It is supposed Miss Berry has written to Miss Fahenstock explaining everything.

Chas. W. Longenberger, of Watson, Pa., expressed a wish to know the whereabouts of Mr. Harry T. Robertson. His address is Cuba, Alleghany Co., N. Y. His family removed to Cuba some years ago.

Mr. Colonel Artherholt, of Transfer, Pa., contemplates paying a flying visit to his intimate friend, "Clayton," early in September. He is a shoe-maker by occupation.

CLAYTON.

PENNA., August 26.

Stephen Allen's Pocket Piece.

In the pocketbook of Hon. Stephen Allen who was drowned on board the Henry Clay, was found a printed slip apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy. It is worthy to be put in every newspaper and being engraved on every young man's heart:

Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Never speak evil of any one. Keep good company or none. Live up to your engagements. Never play at any game of chance. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Never be idle; if your hands can't be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Read over the above maxims carefully and thoughtfully at least once every week.

Good character is above all things else.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

Never borrow if you possibly can help it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

A Land Slide in Switzerland.

A great land slip near Sigristwil, in the canton of Berne, Switzerland, which was reported on the 20th ultimo, is steadily moving towards the lake of Thun at the rate of three meters a day. It is three miles long,

one mile broad and of unknown depth. The houses in its path have been deserted. Sigristwil and the neighboring villages are fortunately out of danger. This land slip began in one of the severest thunder storms that has ever visited Switzerland. The ground has been loosened by recent earthquakes, and a piece of it, about 5,000 feet long, began to move towards the lake, carrying with it houses and part of a beech forest. In the same storm the village of Isarelhe, embracing 300 houses and chalets, was totally destroyed by lightning. Isarelhe, although absolutely unknown to tourists, was one of the most interesting places in Switzerland. Its inhabitants, like those of the two or three villages on the Val d'Anniviers in the same neighborhood, are a people apart, and are believed to be descended from Huns, who deserted from Attila's army when it passed through the valley of the upper Rhone in the fifth century. This theory is borne out by the Mongol type of countenance which is found among the people of these villages, and the exotic words still existing in their vocabulary.

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PORT LEWIS SELINEY,
ROME, N. Y.

24-3m.

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